

Balloons rise; 'bodies' fall as blast recalled

By SUSAN KUHLMANN

At 8:15 a.m. Japanese time on Aug. 6, 1985 (7:15 p.m. Aug. 5, Omaha time) a cloud of colorful balloons — each bearing a personal, handwritten prayer of hope — rose in the sky above the Walnut Hill Reservoir, 38th and Lafayette Sts. In the warm, summer air, a crowd of more than 150 gathered for a worship service commemorating the United States' bombing of Hiroshima at that same moment 40 years ago.

The service was one of several local events held during the past week in memory of the Hiroshima/Nagasaki bombing. They included painting shadows on driveways, representing bodies vaporized by the explosion; and church bell-ringing beginning at 6:15 p.m. Monday. The activities were sponsored and planned by a number of Omaha peace groups. According to Jane Smith of the New Covenant Justice and Peace Center, this annual commemoration is one in which all the groups work together.

Seated mostly on a grassy hillside, the crowd listened to readings from Buddhist teachings and the Old Testament and joined in the singing of religious songs.

When the Rev. Ginny Waggener of Augustana Lutheran Church (nearby) gave a signal to release the balloons, several in the crowd uttered "Shalom," as they watched them rise.

Addressing the audience were two Hibakusha (Japanese survivors of the A-bomb) and Rabbi Sidney Brooks, recently retired from Temple Israel in Omaha.

Akito Asano, 60, was just 500 meters from the hypocenter of the bomb that hit Hiroshima in 1945, and called his survival a miracle.

He said today's nuclear weapons are "one million times more destructive compared to the Hiroshima-type bomb."

"We as human beings have two choices," he said. "We can survive by eliminating nuclear weapons, or we will be killed by them." As a Hibakusha, Asano said he "felt obligated to tell the reality of nuclear war," and he ended with this plea: "Please work together to eliminate the nuclear weapons."

A second survivor, 57-year-old Hiroshi Ando,

told of having his face and hands severely burned in the bombing, and said it was "more than a miracle to survive that blast."

Rabbi Brooks, introduced by Rev. Waggener as a man "known for his work in race relations and community building in the city of Omaha," recalled hearing on the radio of the Air Force's dropping the first atomic bomb. At the time, he was with Rabbi Eric Werner. On hearing the news, Werner wept openly and said, "This is absolutely the most terrible day in all of human history," Brooks recalled.

He said he didn't believe anyone today could fully comprehend the meaning of that moment. Nor did he think people could understand "the destructive powers of the past, or those dormant or active in our world today," because they are too large and impersonal.

"The deliberately planned suffering and death of a single human being anywhere, at any age, has no religious or moral justification in the interest of long-range political power or advantage," Brooks said.

Although he said the term "ultimate weapons" generally refers to those that could cause total annihilation, he said it should be remembered that any instrument used to take the life of another human being is, for that victim, the "ultimate weapon."

"In a very real sense, we're all survivors. Just to be alive tonight, in today's world, is to be a survivor," Brooks said.

Brooks said he does not believe in total pacifism or in "guardedness."

"I reject power and political domination as ends in themselves," he said.

He then referred to the prophet Isaiah's message of hope. He called hope "our concern in everything we do to preserve sanity and creative living."

He urged his listeners to plant the seed of hope and preserve goodness.

"We will plant seeds of productive growth in the soil of our land and will be nourished by their fruits," Brooks said. "That hope, I think, is the only reasonable commemoration this day."



—Roger Tunis

Many Omaha driveways were marked with painted "shadows" Monday night. The shadows represent the vaporized bodies of Hiroshima and Nagasaki victims.

Hiroshima survivors recount 'living hell' of bombing

By SUSAN KUHLMANN

With sometimes graphic detail, two survivors of the atomic blast at Hiroshima (called *Hibakusha*) told of the horrors of nuclear war, and urged the elimination of nuclear weapons. They spoke Monday night at the Augustana Lutheran Church, following a rally at the nearby Walnut Hill Reservoir.

The two men, Akito Asano and Hiroshi Ando, are part of the nationwide Hibakusha Peace Tour of survivors travelling around the United States on the 40th anniversary of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The tour was organized by the Mobilization for Survival, a coalition of 170 peace and justice groups from around the country. The seven tour groups will visit 75 U.S. cities through Aug. 10.

In addition to the *Hibakusha*, the group of five visiting the Midwest includes Mineo Sato, a peace activist from Japan; Ginger Ehrman, coordinator of the Twin Cities Peace and Justice Coalition in Minneapolis/St. Paul; and the interpreter, Saisei Oyama, from Toledo, Ohio.

The basement of the church was filled as the audience listened in quiet attention to the accounts of the 40-year-old event.

Asano, a soft-spoken man of 60, prefaced his recollections of the bombing by saying how glad he was to know that so many American people are active in the movement to eliminate nuclear weapons.

He said he was on the second floor of a building 500 meters away from the hypocenter of the explosion when the blast occurred. It initially threw him into the air, and when he landed, he was trapped beneath the rubble from the building. He said he saw many fires before he lost consciousness from vomiting blood.

Asano was near a river when he regained consciousness. He said he could see many dead bodies, some whose skin "looked like charcoal." Others, according to Asano, were unidentifiable because the skin had peeled off their faces.

Asano said it was "More than a living hell. No one word can describe the situation."

His mother, he said, spent two days looking for him. She subsequently died, at the end of September, as a result of the radiation.

"One of the things we should not forget," Asano said, "are the thousands of children who were left alone. They along with the other survivors, have suffered both physical and emotional wounds for 40 years."

Asano said in those 40 years the United States' supply of nuclear weapons has gone from two to 50,000. He said he felt he had to speak up and tell the reality of nuclear war.

In an emotional moment Asano said, "I hope I can enhance the peace movement here in the United States; no more Hiroshimas, no more Nagasakis, no more *Hibakushas*."

The second speaker, Hiroshi Ando, 57, who was about two kilometers away from the hypocenter, said he remembers seeing the B-29 approach from the east side of the city. He also said it drop something, although he said he thought it might be food, since Japan was suffering from a severe food shortage at the time.

He said he felt a great rush of air, before being thrown to the ground. When he sat up, he noticed the sky was dark, even though it had been sunny before.

He pointed to places on his face and hands which had been badly burned, and said he thought his heavy uniform had protected the rest of his body. "Charcoal" was also the word Ando used in describing faces he saw. He said he could see "dead flesh hanging around the bodies" of others.

As he moved through the city, Ando said there were many survivors calling for water. He said he had only a small amount, which quickly ran out. Ando saw several people dead or dying around a water well, and he compared the scene to "ants dying around the sugar pot."

A particularly poignant scene described by



—Roger Tunis

Atomic blast survivors Hiroshi Ando and Akito Asano prepare to recall the "living hell" of the Hiroshima bombing.

Ando was that of a young child of 4 or 5 clinging to his mother, who was already dead. Unable to do anything to help, Ando said he simply told the child to "Cheer up." "I couldn't help him and I still have some guilty feelings today," he said.

Although Ando's burns have healed, he continues to suffer physical effects from the blast. He has developed an allergy to antibiotics, and also a cataract in one eye, as a result of the radiation.

Yet, Ando said he is healthier than most of the survivors of the bombing.

Ehrman also addressed the audience, speaking out against the world-wide build up of nuclear weapons. Instead of stopping with the bombing in Japan, the United States has continued to build up its arsenal, and several pres-

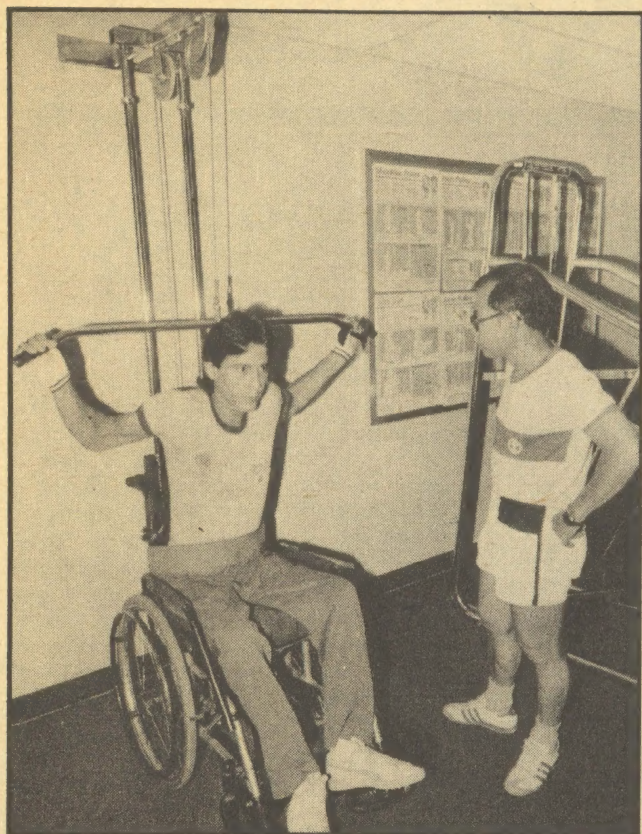
idents have used the weapons as threats in global conflicts, he said, adding, "Some day the bluff will be called."

Ehrman called for the freeze, reversal and illimination of nuclear weapons that, she said, are "robbing us economically." More and more Americans are becoming impoverished while defense contractors are becoming richer, said Ehrman.

She spoke out too against President Reagan's "Star Wars" weapons system, saying, "It won't prevent nuclear war. It will just be a giant Pac Man gobbling up our hard-earned dollars." She predicted the Soviet Union would devise a system to counteract it.

Expressing a theme of Mobilization for Survival, Ehrman said, "In every war, there's a Hiroshima waiting to happen."

UNO program to help disabled climb fitness barriers



Danny Castellanos works out in the HPER weight room as S.M. Wong looks on.

By ERIC STOAKES

From jogging around the neighborhood to working out at a local health club, shaping up reflects America's obsession with physical fitness.

For the handicapped, however, keeping fit poses obvious barriers that are sometimes left unnoticed. At UNO this fall, disabled students will have the chance to erase this barrier and become involved in a special fitness program.

Michael Crawford, adaptive physical education professor, said that the new program will be exclusive to disabled students and a splinter activity from the existing SPLASH (Sport, Play, Leisure Activities for the handicapped) program for disabled children.

"It's an experimental program to see how many disabled students on campus are interested in fitness," Crawford said. "We need student support to continue the program and offer the service."

The program was initiated by two UNO students: S.M. Wong, an undergraduate student from Singapore and Danny Castellanos, a graduate teaching assistant in the biology department. They met while working out in the weight room one day and soon after striking up a conversation, they came up with the idea of the disabled student program.

Wong has been involved with training the handicapped for more than 10 years. In his homeland, he worked with the Singapore Sports Council for the handicapped and was principal at a special education school.

"In Singapore, we don't call these people handicapped anymore and they shouldn't be known as handicapped but as disabled," Wong said. "You are handicapped only when you are unable to overcome your handicap. If you are able to overcome your handicap, you are disabled."

Wong and Castellanos went to Crawford with their idea. "Dr. Crawford was very supportive," Wong said. "He said he could make some money available to us and if our group is well-organized he could also make the HPER Building facilities available."

The program, like SPLASH, will be funded by the Hattie B.

Munroe Foundation for the handicapped. Crawford said very few funds will be allocated from the UNO budget to support the activities. Interested students will be required to submit an enrollment form; however, no concurrent program fee has been determined.

"I don't believe in free," Wong said. "If it's free, students will only come in when they like."

Wong suggests that a minimal fee of \$5 be charged and that students participating should enter into contracts that state they will attend for a semester. "Otherwise, it won't be beneficial," he said. "They are wasting their time and we are wasting ours. This is not to charge, it's for the commitment. If there were other ways to have them make a commitment, fine," he said.

Crawford said the major problem facing the program is not the technical organization, but recruiting interested clients. He said the program will exist next fall even if only a couple of students participate, but with such meager enrollment, the continuance of the program will be not guaranteed.

"We're getting a mailing list to send surveys out to disabled students to find out from them what their needs are. We will also be putting posters up when classes begin in the fall to generate some interest," Wong said.

Crawford has accepted a position at the University of Missouri, leaving his position as program director vacant.

"Though I can't give any names, we do have someone in mind to take over my position," he said.

Although full campaigning to enroll students in the program will not begin until the fall semester, Wong said he hopes the program will open doors for the disabled at UNO and in the entire community.

"After a rehabilitation program when a disabled person is released from the hospital, how are they expected to get to Alpha Health Spa?" Wong said. "This program can be a transition for them to get adjusted."

The program will offer sporting and recreation activities, some physical therapy and socialization courses. Interested students can inquire at the campus Disabled Student Agency at 554-3667.



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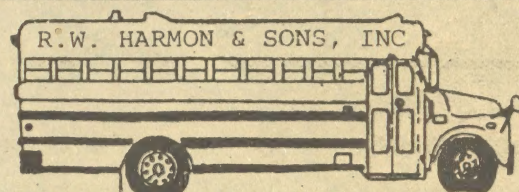
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UNO grounds director plots master landscaping plan



—Todd Wray

Jim Veiga said his landscaping ability stems from an extensive art background and a passion for nature.

By BONNIE GILL KUSLEIKA

Jim Veiga, director of custodial and grounds at UNO, remembers walking around campus in the summer of 1980 and thinking "this place could use a change."

At the time he was environmental director at the UN Med Center supervising 60 people in custodial services. He had turned down a position as regional director in human relations for a three-state area and was looking for something with a hands-on project.

As Veiga removed his work gloves, dusted off his jeans, and sat down to explain the master landscaping plan for UNO, his enthusiasm swelled.

The master plan, developed from a collaboration of meetings between Veiga, Bill Kallmer and Mike Jerina, land architects at Henningson, Durham and Richardson (HDR), will take place in three stages over the next few years.

Phase I, to be completed in December, includes the western portion of campus and 60th Street along the new parking garage to the corner of Dodge Street in front of Kaiser Hall.

Phase II will begin next spring as trees are planted the full length of Dodge Street. Veiga said the plantings will enclose the campus but won't obstruct a view of the buildings.

Phase III, to be completed by 1987 will focus

on the parking areas between the Engineering Building and the library. This area will become the new center of campus as the traffic is forced to use the circular road that's under construction.

He said the only known metasequoia tree in Nebraska near Annex 27 will be moved soon to a location in the same general area. They have saved an oak and a sycamore by redesigning a parking lot and sacrificing a few stalls. And his crew is busy replanting the uprooted pines from the Morensky property along the west border of campus.

Veiga's influence and ideas don't end with the campus grounds. He has conferred with the HDR architects frequently on the interior of the new Lab Science Building. His approach is low-cost maintenance since he is responsible for the people who will clean it.

The new construction has accelerated campus landscaping plans, according to Veiga, and it gave his department a focal point.

"We had dreamed about it," said Veiga, "and my boss Neil Morgensen had always said dream on." But Veiga said he knew when UNO began to gain more land that the university was on its way to becoming "a well-known community campus."

However, Veiga didn't wait until 1985 to get

started. Soon after he arrived in 1980, Veiga said he found an original campus design and a landscaping fund (earmarked donations from alumni, faculty and interested individuals) that was not being used.

He began to plant trees and built the seating and garden area around the student center. He said all those gardens were planned spontaneously, "out of my head."

"I did a lot of listening when I came here." He likes to look at the activity and then build a setting around what is actually happening.

Veiga credits much of his landscaping ability to an extensive art background, a childhood lawn business in California and a passion for nature.

While in the Marines, Veiga said he took hundreds of photographs during his travels around the world. "I've seen many picturesque gardens and capitals in different countries and cities," he said.

He also values his close teamwork with grounds manager Jim Flott, who holds a degree in horticulture. "I hired him for that purpose," Veiga said.

Veiga supervises 116 UNO employees in the planning, implementing and maintenance of campus buildings and grounds.

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Comment

It's worth trying

Life is too important to take seriously.

That's the main reason I'll miss *Omahah!* Not that this local attempt at a humor magazine was always funny. *Omahah!*, like most humor magazines, was wildly uneven in quality. Subjects ranged from the all-too-realistic situation comedy of a man trapped in the neighborhood known as "The Mutual Zone," to inane parodies such as "Remedial Pursuit," to the political cartoons of Dave Hitch, to the merely incomprehensible.

Lack of advertiser and reader support did *Omahah!* in after only a few months, though. It's not an unusual situation. Most free magazines in the Omaha area (and elsewhere, no doubt) seem to die out before they have a chance to find an audience.

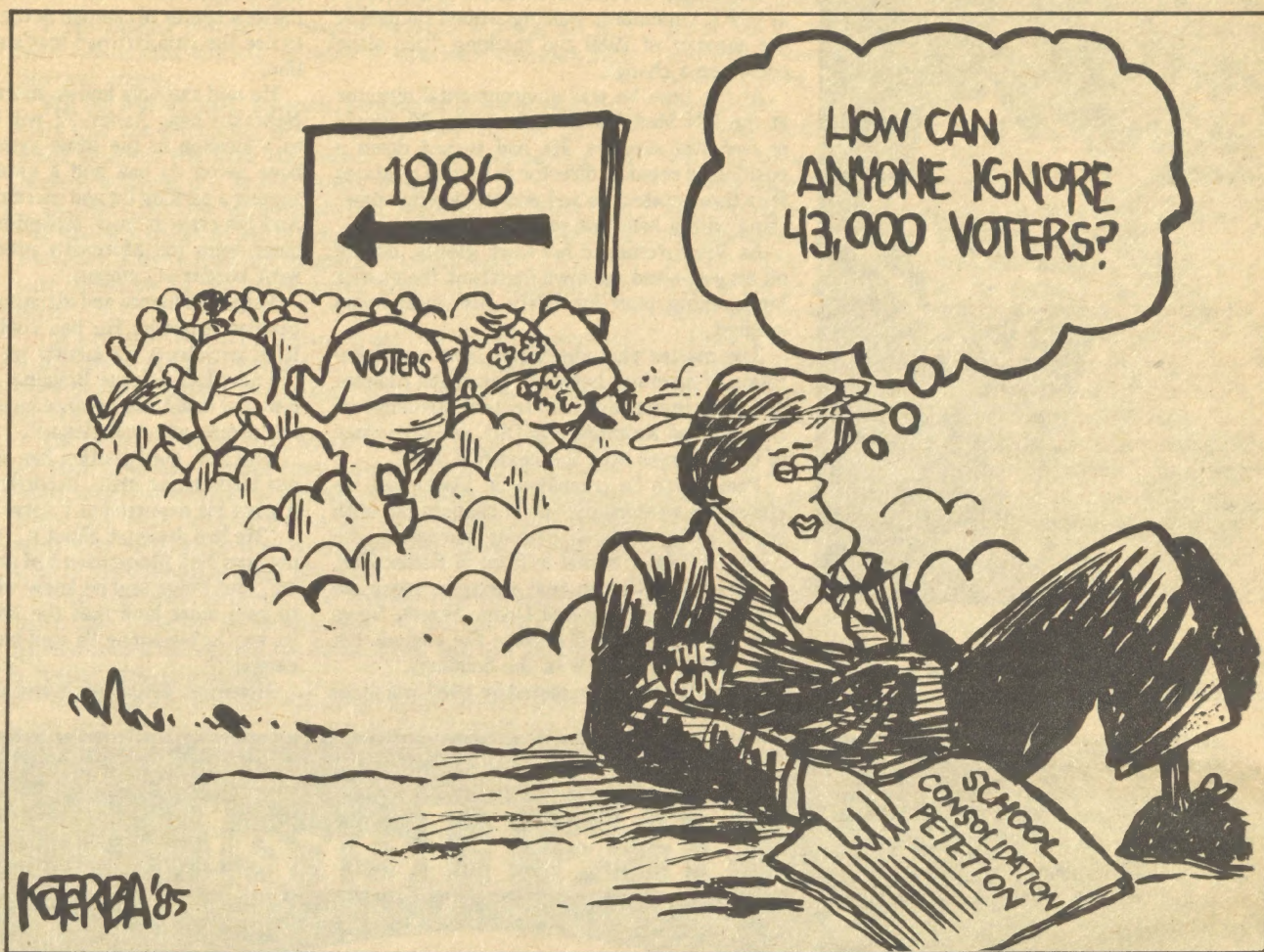
When most of the free papers and magazines distributed in town seem to be nothing more than an excuse to gather advertisers (*City Slicker* comes to mind, though there are other papers that fit that description), it's refreshing to see a different, more adventurous format. Even though *Omahah!* failed, it was an experiment worth trying.

Speaking of free papers, I was one of those skeptics who predicted in March that *The Downtowner* would either go broke by May or survive only as a downtown cross between *City Slicker* and the *Thrifty Nickel*.

I was wrong. *The Downtowner*, though far from perfect, is not only surviving, but is on its way to becoming an interesting paper. Recent articles on topics as diverse as churches and tattoo parlors prove that the editorial content of a paper doesn't have to pander to advertisers in order to survive. Although there are still too many syndicated articles to my taste, *The Downtowner* has become more open to local talent.

Hmm. If only someone could talk a millionaire publisher into reviving the *Sun* papers...

—KAREN NELSON



The Porch Swing by Kevin Cole

Kevin's party tips

It's 3 a.m. and all circuits are dead. Twenty-five drunken idiots in your backyard are shoulder to shoulder trying to "Rockette kick" to "Tequila" by The Champs, another 20 or so buffoons are in your living room bounding about like kangaroos to the tunes of their choice, and you just kicked an impassioned couple out of your laundry pile in the basement.

That's right, you're having your obligatory summer shindig. The landlord, neighbors and your priest may not like it, but such good-fun debauchery is tough to come by and worth remembering how you brought it about.

Now, the formula for success at your summer bash. As one qualifier, let me say these tips have never been approved by the FDA, OSHA, EPA, Ralph Nader's Consumer Protection Organization, OPEC, FDIC, CIA, MADD, or the Salvation Army. Consequently, any and all responsibility for following said guidelines is on your own head.

Rule 1: Know some people. It's no great revelation that if you're not reasonably sure you can get a group of folks together, there's no

reason to have a party.

That basic ingredient is just the tip of the rule, though. You have to know the right people to invite. The girls should be attractive types but not to the point that they are too vain to get a little crazy.

The guys, on the other hand, should be slightly crazoid, but with enough sense not to scare off the women by doing the infamous elephant imitation before 1 a.m.

Rule 2: Perhaps the most important ingredient to pique the interest of your lucky guests is a party theme.

Rites of passage such as graduation, birthdays and Nebraska-Oklahoma football games are well and good for the usual affairs, but the keen mind (or addled brain) can come up with so much more.

There is the "Herb Tarlic" party, for example. At this chic little get together, everyone tries to imitate the incredible bad taste of WKRP's loutish sales manager. Think polyester.

I don't want to ruin the fun of thinking up

your own theme, but here's another — the "Hat Dance." This fare is built around everyone bringing and wearing the chapeau of their choice. Sounds innocent enough until they learn that headwear has long been considered by Freudian psychiatrists a key to sexual psyches and that a trained shrink will be on hand to discuss all implied fetishes and perversions.

Rule 3. With the guests and theme taken care of, it's time to consider refreshments.

For food, choose those gigantic bags of popcorn. With the help of a big dog and a decent vacuum cleaner, you can have those million and one stray kernels out of the rug, etc., within four to six months.

The choice of beverage is simple — beer. That cold, delicious and nutritious golden substance of the gods comes in all sizes. Count your change, compute those gallons and ounces, and make your best buy. "Best," of course, signifies "most" in wise circles.

Rule 4. Now you have all the main ingredients but nothing's happened. People are standing around slopping your beer and spitting out

corn kernels (Earl is spitting out beer and slopping corn kernels). Anyway, you need music.

Beg, borrow or steal a fine loud stereo and then beg, borrow or steal some decent music. If you can get the music on tape, all the better. You won't have 700 scratches and dried beer on the album.

Guaranteed danceables (in order) are: Charlie Burton, Bruce Springsteen, The Stones, vintage Beach Boys, The Cars, The Ramones, B-52s, George Thorogood doing Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, X and The Blasters.

If you don't know some of these, don't sweat it, just play what you've got and after 2 a.m. play "Louie Louie" continuously.

Rule 5. Try and control the party's location. You can do this by trying to keep everyone in the backyard, basement or garage. This never works, however, so resign yourself to a thoroughly destroyed house or apartment.

One other thing everyone should do to really enjoy their summer party — invite me. I do a great elephant imitation and I'm housebroken.



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Op Ed

Liberal ideology still causes 'Suicide of the West'

"(What) Americans call 'liberalism,'" wrote James Burnham in 1964, "is the ideology of Western suicide. I do not mean that liberalism is — or will have been — responsible for the contraction and possible disappearance of Western civilization; that liberalism is 'the cause' of the contraction . . . I mean (rather), in part, that liberalism motivates and justifies the contraction and reconciles us to it."

Thus did Burnham introduce his masterpiece, *Suicide of the West*, and insure his permanent position among liberalism's least favorite thinkers. (The book has since been republished.)

Burnham's postulates continue to be wonderful to read and behold. They are potent enough, even now, to drive liberals into a peripatetic fit, inasmuch as liberals still can hardly believe — anymore than their predecessors — the gathering of thought contrary to their own, no matter the evidence. And it is rare that one may say even that to liberals, without arousing disgust (at least) or rage (at worst).

One cannot say, for example, how shameful it was that William Bradford Reynolds was rejected as an assistant attorney general, without hearing at least one liberal retort to the effect that saying so makes one a racist. It hardly matters, of course, that Mr. Reynolds believes the law ought to be a color-blind, a belief for which liberals were once prepared to immolate themselves, so it seemed. Burnham examined the relevant questions in 1964, the year in which a very color-blind Civil Rights Act became law. (Properly so.) He drew an appropriate parallel, between pretexts of liberalism and pretexts based upon a plausible contrast.

The liberal, Burnham wrote, would say that "In social, economic, and cultural as well as political affairs, men are of right

equal. Social reform should be designed to correct existing inequalities and to equalize the condition of nurture, schooling, residence, employment, recreation, and income that produce them." The plausible contrast, he wrote, says "It is neither possible nor desirable to eliminate all inequalities among human beings. Although it is charitable and prudent to take reasonable measures to temper the extremes of inequality, the obsessive attempt to eliminate inequality by social reforms and sanctions provokes bitterness and disorder, and can at most only substitute new inequalities for the old."

A doctrinaire liberal will hear the second statement yet listen to nothing past the first sentence. And, he will conclude the speaker of the second statement is, at least, an immobile reactionary with a contracting horizon of thought. It will not matter much to this individual that, once upon a time, he was demanding nothing more — and nothing less — than plain equal treatment. Nor will it matter much that the speaker of the second statement paid due obeisance to precisely that, in the final portion of the second statement.

And, it will matter even less that there is a rising amount of opinion, among minority scholars and professionals, that the preferential system, to which Mr. Reynolds and others are opposed, is in fact detrimental to the welfare of minority citizens; as detrimental, at least, as the former institutional bigotry.

Now, try a second parallel. The liberal, wrote Burnham, would say "Politics must (also) be thought of as a universal dialogue in which all persons may express their opinions, whatever they may be, with complete freedom." The plausible contrast, he wrote, is "Unrestricted free speech in relation to political matters — most obviously when extended to those who reject the

basic premises of the given society and utilize freedom of speech as a device for attacking the society's foundations — expresses . . . the loosening of social cohesion and the decay of standards, and condones the erosion of the social order."

Again, a doctrinaire liberal, based upon partial hearing, may insist the speaker of the second statement is somewhat out of his mind, if not dangerous: "Can't you see? You are *really* saying you cannot tolerate an opinion which runs to San Francisco while yours runs, say, to Cleveland."

And, it will matter much less that he feels extremely faint at the prospect of a neo-Nazi addressing the local community or classroom, while he greets the prospect of a communist apologist doing likewise with a shrugging reminder that "We must hear his point of view." Never mind that the record of Nazi barbarism and that of Communist barbarism run upon equally heinous tracks. And, never mind that those for whom the Communist apologist apologizes, upon assumption of political power, would set about burying the Constitution and its devotees, notwithstanding the document made it possible for said apologist to mount his podium at all.

It goes farther. Liberal ideologues, wrote Burnham, "proceed in a manner long familiar to both religion and psychology: by constructing a new reality of their own . . . where the soul may take refuge from the prosaic, unpleasant world of space and time. In that new, and better world, the abandonment of a million of one's countrymen and the capitulation to a band of ferocious terrorists become transformed into what is called 'liberation'." When a doctrinaire liberal admonished one to "face up to reality," then, Burnham's 1964 postulates prove to have been ever more prescient.

—JEFFREY A. KALLMAN

'Let's find a dump for yesterday's cultural garbage'

Don't get me wrong. I don't feel old. I just feel sort of sad.

If I had known better, I would never have gone to the Westroads. But there I was killing time before the movie when I found myself suddenly surrounded by Westroads Salutes Baby Boomers.

Now, I don't mind being constantly reminded that I'm the product of an entire generation's post-war randiness . . . we've all got our crosses to bear, and I share the weight of that one with something like 70 million other folks. Why, though, must I be constantly reminded of the ignorant excesses I and my fellow children of America's Golden Age have been allowed to practice? And why oh why must I suffer the indignity of having them sold back to me by the members of my own generation as nostalgia?

I reconciled myself years ago to having a garbage culture. My sense of heritage and community came straight off the television screen like everyone else's I grew up with. Americans have no sense of history anyway, so we filled the void with Bosco and Mighty Mouse. Elvis was as close as we would come to indigenous American music.

The hula-hoop was my first bona-fide American cultural artifact . . . it was ancient before I had a chance to lose it, which I learned was the way of all artifacts. Of course, we called them fads, and it was just understood that they would last a month and then get lost or fall

apart in time to be replaced by the next one . . . G.I. Joes, I think. And the place to get the latest info on the latest piece of cultural garbage coming down the pipe was (where else?) the television.

We learned our lessons well, and when we were old enough, we traded our cheap, disposable toys for cheap, disposable ideals like flower power, free love, psychodelia and long-live-rock-and-roll. We thought we could end wars as easily as turning channels, and ended up

Why must I constantly be reminded of the excesses I and my fellow children of America's Golden Age have been allowed to practice? And why must I suffer the indignity of having them sold back to me as nostalgia?

making our buddies who died in 'Nam die for nothing. We blamed that on the government and the television agreed with us, because it realized that if it told us what we wanted to hear, we'd buy more of what it told us to buy.

Being American didn't have anything to do with Ellis Island or the Western European tradition . . . it had to do with Coke, Right Guard, and Chevrolet, and when it became fashionable

to be different it suddenly had to do with the Un-Cola, Ban Roll-On and Toyotas.

I can accept all this, and I value the good that comes from a mass-media mishmash childhood. I've seen places I've never been, heard more kinds of music than I can count, been subjected to more points of view than I can possibly do thoughtful justice to. But I had to dig through a lot of garbage to find these things, and just when I figured it was all behind me, there it all was in front of me at the Westroads . . . for sale.

I'm sick of listening to those stinking old songs. I'm sick of Howdy Doody T-shirts and Mickey Mouse watches. I'm sick of Happy Days and Baby Boomer trivia and '57 Chevies, and I'm especially sick of the members of my own generation churning out the garbage of my youth and hawking it as though it were amusing or important. These things shaped our lives and determined what we would eventually become, but to be proud of them is ignorant, and to sell them is simply wrong.

It seems we learned our lessons all too well. We certainly took the main one to heart . . . sell. Sell anything to anyone for whatever you can get for it, and if it's particularly useless or offensive, put it on T.V., because we've got the greatest market in the world to exploit . . . our children and ourselves. Michael Jackson may wear the glove, but *we* make them by the millions to sell to our children. *We* mass-produce

silly sunglasses and goofy shorts, *we* dye our kids' hair orange and sell them their styling mousse and jewelry. *We* own MTV, brothers and sisters, and *we* think up He-Man Action Figures and the Star Wars Collection.

I expected us to become the people we

Being American had to do with Coke, Right Guard and Chevrolet, and when it became fashionable to be different it suddenly had to do with the Un-Cola, Ban Roll-On and Toyotas.

vowed never to become in those brief moments of lucidity during the '60's, but I didn't expect us to spew up the worst self-indulgent trash of our childhoods in an attempt to fleece each other. Sell anything to our kids. I don't care. They don't deserve any more history than we had.

Let's set some kind of example for them, though. Let's find some sort of dump for all this cultural garbage and show them that it's perfectly all right to put refuse where it belongs, and let's make sure they know that there's room in the dump for the gloves and sunglasses and Top Siders. Then let's make them promise to leave it there when they get to be our age . . . which isn't very old. Just sort of sad.

—DAN PRESCHER

Letters

'March across U.S. for peace'

To the Editor:

The Great Peace March may sound like pie in the sky, but organizers from PRO-Peace, the sponsoring organization, believe they can make it a reality. They plan to have 5,000 people walk from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C. beginning March 1, 1986. The sacrifice of the marchers will be great: nine months away from friends, family, schools and careers. But their goal is equally lofty: to move the people of the world to say to their leaders, "Take the nuclear weapons down so that we and our children may live."

PRO-Peace organizers believe that such a monumental goal requires thousands of people to make a major sacrifice. They hope to capture the imagination of the world when 5,000 people leave their homes to walk through desert heat, blizzards and rain to ensure that we will have a future.

If The Great Peace March is beginning to sound naive and grandiose, a look at the PRO-Peace Staff will dispel any doubts. PRO-Peace Executive Director David Mixner is a veteran political organizer and fundraiser with a 25-year career going back to the civil rights movement. He was one of the four organizers of the Vietnam War Moratorium, and has recently transferred his P.R. firm to his employees to devote himself fully to PRO-Peace. His staff of professionals have suspended their careers to guarantee the success of the organization.

The cynic may still wonder what is unique about PRO-Peace.

How can this movement achieve actual disarmament where other groups have succeeded only in raising the issue? PRO-Peace says that their nine-month march will keep the issue alive in a dramatic way, unlike large one-day rallies. Moreover, they have a four-part international strategy to involve citizens in Western and Eastern Europe. They agree with President Eisenhower's statement, "The people want peace so much that one day the governments will get out of their way and let them have it."

PRO-Peace is different from past efforts simply because of its size and scope. But it's also different for another reason: it offers a message of hope and optimism rather than one of doom and gloom.

Students will be a crucial part of the effort; march organizers expect that half the marchers will be students. One of PRO-Peace's main objectives is to break the image that students are apathetic and fatalistic about the prospect of nuclear war by offering an alternative: a means whereby students can make a difference today. We all know what a one-megaton bomb can do if it falls on the student union building. What we need to know is that we can do something now so that this will never happen. PRO-Peace affirms our belief that we can shape our destiny.

Please contact: Lori Graff, 2039 Forest Street, Denver, Colo. 80207, for more information.

Karen Litfin
Campus Co-ordinator, PRO-Peace

'Apartheid touches a nerve'

To the Editor:

I am writing to anyone who asks the question "is protesting apartheid merely chic?" as appeared in the Letters to the Editor section of *The Gateway*, Aug. 2, 1985. If "Mr. and Ms. Righteous American" seem to be over-emotional concerning the racist policies of the South African government and if we tend to over-simplify the problem, well, that can be forgiven, surely?

If "others suffer in ways at least equal to the (alleged?) degradation of the South African blacks," and the media does not provide equal air time, even this can be forgiven us. Why? Because there are those of us in this country who remember our own recent struggle against racism and segregation supported by the government. Perhaps it touches a nerve with us, as well it should.

Oppression lives all over the world and does not make its home only in South Africa; no one argues that. It may be possible, however, for us to deal with one problem at a time in order to make a real impact and not just spew rhetoric in the direction of those in need of our attention.

I believe we are beginning first with a situation close to our own heart and conscience and for this no forgiveness is necessary, only understanding.

Diane E. Washington

Review

'Weird Science' formula — 'like Frankenstein, only cuter'

For those of us who find it slightly difficult to find a date every weekend, writer/director John Hughes has a suggestion — try a little "Weird Science."

"Weird Science" is the story of two high school outcasts (Anthony Michael Hall and Ian Mitchell-Smith) who set out to perform the ultimate male teenage fantasy — creating their own woman (Kelly LeBrock).

Hall, who most recently appeared in the films "Sixteen Candles" and "The Breakfast Club," is at his comic best in his portrayal of Gary, a high school nobody who seems to lose all touch with reality when he becomes determined to create the girl of his dream. "I want her to live. I want her to breathe. I want her to aerobicize," he exclaims to his friend.

Throughout the film, Hall provides an endless procession of humor — from a simple goofy look to his extended drunken antics in a rough nightclub. Although the easily offended could call the bar scene racist (the drunker Hall becomes, the more he speaks in the stereotypical black voice) it had the opening night crowd on the verge of hysterics.

Playing opposite Hall is the relatively unknown Mitchell-Smith. Unlike Hall, this actor is likely to remain relatively unknown. Mitchell-Smith portrays Wyatt, a terminally uptight computer whiz who taps into what appears to be a government computer in order to create some "Weird Science."

Mitchell-Smith is, admittedly, an attractive actor, simply overflowing with youthful innocence. Unfortunately, his whining voice and nothing screen personality cause his character to get somewhat lost in all the mayhem. To his credit, however, such a character is probably needed to balance Hall's occasional insanity (two comic maniacs on the same screen would have been a serious case of overkill).



Lisa (Kelly LeBrock), a product of weird science and her creator Gary (Anthony Michael Hall), confront parents in a non-conventional way — "a la Dirty Harry."

The real star of the film, however, is LeBrock. She portrays Lisa, the sexy, wild computer-generated fantasy woman ("just like Frankenstein — only cuter," says Gary). LeBrock, a former model, most recently appeared with Gene Wilder in "The Woman in Red."

Lisa is created when Gary and Wyatt wire a Barbie doll to a supercharged home computer, feeding in the appropriate data to make the woman part David Lee Roth, part Albert Einstein and part (or rather, mostly) Playboy Playmate. What she turns out to be is a supernatural wonder who can create handguns, sports cars and mutant biker gangs out of thin air.

Appearing in a cloud of smoke, Lisa greets her stunned creators with a sultry, "So, what would you little maniacs like to do first?" What they do is take a shower together. From this point the film could have slid into your typical help-the-little-virgins-become-sex-machines flick. But it didn't. During the shower scene you only see LeBrock from behind, while her two co-stars stand timidly in the corner — with their pants on.

Although there is a scene where Wyatt wakes up wearing Lisa's panties, it is implied that all they did was kiss before the teenager fell asleep (in the middle of the woman's aerobics routine). All in all, the only real "sex" in

the movie comes in the form of LeBrock's outrageous clothing and sultry good looks.

Particularly amusing (although raunchy) is a scene in which Lisa attempts to convince Gary's parents that he needs to attend a wild party to keep him from "tossing off" to dirty magazines in the bathroom. When this persuasion fails, Lisa resorts to pulling a gun on Gary's father, a la Dirty Harry — total chaos. Once again, the opening night crowd loved it.

"Weird Science" is predictable. You know who will be with who and who will be made to look like fools well before the film is over. On the whole, however, the film takes enough entertaining twists to keep it from dragging too much. Male movie-goers might even be satisfied with simply watching LeBrock.

Also worth mentioning is the performance of Bill Paxton as Chet, Wyatt's extortionist older brother. He creates one of the most obnoxious characters in recent film history. He becomes so annoying that most people will prefer to see him remain in the slimy blob form in which Lisa transforms him.

"Weird Science" is the third film written and directed by Hughes, following "Sixteen Candles" and "The Breakfast Club." He also wrote "Mr. Mom" and "National Lampoon's Vacation." If you liked his previous work you will probably enjoy this film as well.

"Weird Science" is rated PG-13, but could almost be rated R for the general theme, foul language and sexual connotations. It will probably appeal to the high school and college crowds, although older adults seemed to enjoy the film, too.

"Weird Science" is now showing at the Park 4, Orchard 4, Westroads 8, and Midlands 4 theaters.

—PATRICK C. STEPHENSON

'Rush' reveals 'lifestyles of the rich and mindless'

I'm no friend of what some may consider "elitist" institutions, but if there's such a thing as a sorority Anti-Defamation League, it ought to get after one Margaret Ann Rose, author of *Rush: A Girl's Guide to Sorority Success* (Villard Books, New York, \$4.95).

Why should sororities want to get after a sister in good standing (Rose is a member of Zeta Tau Alpha and a graduate of the University of Texas at Austin), a former rush captain and a conductor of "how to succeed in sorority rush" seminars who

just wants to help others get into the sororities of their choice? Because *Rush* confirms in its 131 pages almost every negative sorority stereotype. Those who defend the sorority system as an "old girl's network" for future professional women will have a harder time doing so after this book officially hits bookstore shelves Aug. 26.

At first glance, *Rush* looks like another *Official Preppy Handbook* clone. From the cover photo of four dazed young women who would not look out of place selling flowers on street corners for a religious cult, to the rush conversation dos and don'ts, to the lists of preferred vacations and drinks, one starts to get the

idea that sorority sister is spelled a-i-r-h-e-a-d.

But Rose is serious. There is practical advice for future rush-ees, such as how to get recommendations, what it costs to join a sorority and how to write a resume. The practical advice is soon drowned out by exercises in shallowness such as this one: "You should not list previous blue-collar employment on your resume unless it is very exotic. If you served food at McDonald's, don't mention it. If you served food at a restaurant on Martha's Vineyard, do." (Author's italics.)

The ideal rushee, according to Rose, is attractive — or at

(continued on page 7)

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Avoid the 'Rush'

(continued from page 6)

least well-dressed. (Time to starve yourselves, mainline on Clearasil and throw out those polyester blouses, girls.) If a rushee just doesn't measure up in the looks department, she "should play up (her) other strong qualities (for instance, background, money, or, more important, personality and accomplishments)."

You know, the important things.

A rushee, at least during rush, never talks about other fraternities and sororities (you never know who may belong to one) 'politics (boring),' sex ("especially if you've done it"), jewelry or money (tacky).

What *can* she talk about? "Elitist" sports such as skiing, tennis or polo; summer vacations to the French Riviera, Morocco, Hawaii; how much fun rush is; college life—staying out late, partying, boys, sorority pranks; majors—unless it's something serious like philosophy or pre-med; the weather; and cute shoes.

Pledges who violate unwritten "standards rules" risk the dreaded QR — questionable reputation.

And if you get in? Are you free to go to a few meetings, party with the other Greeks and just live your own life?

Not according to Rose. As though a pledge doesn't have enough to worry about, what with watching soap operas, going to class, baking cookies for her boyfriend, shopping or taking her clothes to the cleaners (sorority girls don't do laundry), she also has to watch her reputation.

You see, there are "standard rules" each member needs to follow. A violation could potentially get an offender kicked out of the sorority. However, members don't always know when standards rules have been violated because most are unwritten.

Midriff tops, tight jeans and "suggestive dancing" are among the offenses that could give a girl the dreaded QR—questionable reputation. So can having sex. How do they reproduce? Xerox machines?)

While getting bogged down with such trivia, including a recruitment skit that has to be read to be believed, important issues are glossed over or ignored.

Hazing is half-heartedly addressed as something that, while not quite nice and officially against panhellenic rules, goes on anyway. Discrimination against black, Asian, Latino and Jewish women is not addressed at all. As recently as 15 years ago, four members of UNO's Chi Omega chapter resigned because they felt the sorority discriminated against women because of "race, color, creed or national origin," according to the 1970-71 *Tomahawk*, the UNO yearbook/magazine. If things have changed in the Greek world since then, prospective members should know.

If, in spite of the fluffy portrayal of sororities, a student really wants to go through rush, she would be better off asking the student activities office for help. If you're more interested in the lifestyles of the rich and mindless, read *Rush* instead.

—KAREN NELSON

Weekend Wire . . .

Burton awaits 'message in a bottle'

A week ago today, a matter of no mean significance to the local rock scene occurred in Omaha and Lincoln. The long-awaited release of Charlie Burton's third album, "I Heard That," came to pass.

Ballyhooed and bantered about in rock clubs and entertainment columns like this one and where ever the subject of local bands came up, the album had been anticipated since last fall.

In July, the *World-Herald's Magazine of the Midlands* trumpeted the arrival of the album with a cover story on Burton and his band, The Hiccups.

Unfortunately, the album didn't become available for another six weeks because of some remastering work that eliminated a small technical flaw. Burton is ambivalent about the timing of the release and how much the publicity of the article might have increased sales.

"I suppose that it would have helped sales, but if it didn't happen that way, it didn't happen that way," Burton said in a telephone interview Monday.

"Local sales are important but I don't want people to buy it because somebody wrote in a newspaper about it, but because maybe they're in the same room with somebody who has it and they want to get a copy, too," he said.

A survey of record stores in Omaha and Lincoln showed the album doing reasonably well after its first 48 hours on the shelves.

John McCallum, the owner/manager of Dirt Cheap Records on North 11th Street in Lincoln said he has sold "about 40 copies of the record since it came in Friday afternoon."

McCallum said sales were large enough to push the album into the No. 2 position in sales. He said he expects the trend to continue upward.

"There were scores of people asking about the album's release over the past two months," McCallum said. "And the sound on this album is terrific. It's the best thing to ever come out of Lincoln."

Linda Moore, the owner of the Dirt Cheap Records store on North 66th Street in Lincoln, said sales were "doing pretty well

but not as well as downtown. They are closer to the university."

In Omaha, all Homer's and Pickles record stores reported solid interest in the album.

At Homer's Old Market location, manager Barry Bottger said the album was "blowing out the door."

Bottger said he received 50 copies Friday afternoon and had sold 15 over the weekend. "we've had a lot of people asking about it," he said. "When word gets around it's out, that will increase."

Employee Joe Peterson at Pickles Records and Tapes at 80th and Dodge Streets said the album just arrived Monday but they'd had numerous inquiries and "expected it will do real well at this location."

Burton compared waiting for returns on sales and reviews of the record to a man on a desert island waiting for a reply to "a message in a bottle."

"We made it as good as we possibly could at the time and now we're waiting for people's reaction," Burton said. "I think it's great, but now I have to see what other people think. I'm just hoping to get rescued."

Currently, the band's lawyer is negotiating with a booking agency "to book us into about half the U.S.A.," Burton said. In support of the album the band plans to play "every opportunity we can," he said.

After a two-month hiatus, which saw the band play gigs on the West Coast and "The First Avenue" in Minneapolis, where according to Burton, it was "much beloved," the band will return to Omaha tonight for two nights at the Lifticket Lounge in Benson.

Yes, copies of "I Heard That," will be available from the band. "Lou Whitney (the album's production engineer) told me never to seal an album from the stage," Burton said. "But what can I do? We need to make the money back we borrowed. Hey, I'm a broke, starving and destitute man until something happens."

Listening to the album I'd say Burton's message is loud and clear. To what shores it will travel remains to be seen.

—KEVIN COLE

What's Next

Cheerleading tryouts for men only will be held Aug. 11. Practice starts at noon, with tryouts beginning at 2 p.m. For location and more information, call Mike DeBolt, 556-4549.

Tribute to Buda and Osborne

The Omaha Telecasters Educational Foundation is sponsoring a banquet in honor of UNO football coach Sandy Buda and UNL football coach Tom Osborne.

The banquet, Aug. 28 in the Peony Park ballroom, 8100 Cass

St., starts at 6 p.m. Tickets are \$35. Proceeds support the OTEF Scholarship Fund.

To order tickets, send a check to OTEF, c/o KETV, 27th and Douglas Sts., Omaha, Neb., 68131.

The scoop on sundaes

The Omaha Children's Museum, 551 S. 18th St., is celebrating the sixth annual Sundae Sunday Aug. 18 from noon to 5 p.m. Celebrity scoopers include Congressman Hal Daub, Police Chief Richard Wadman and the UNO Cheerleaders.

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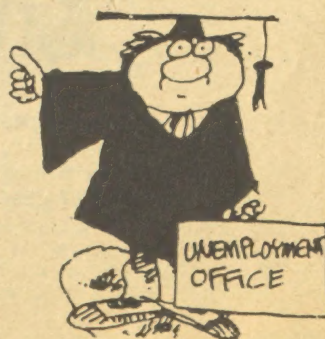
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'All kinds of people' earn money for plasma donations

By SHARON deLAUBENFELS

"Ever been here before?" said the woman in the lab coat behind the desk.

"Yeah, lots of times," the man mumbled.

After finding something to write with, the woman at Plasma Alliance, Inc. began the necessary procedure so the man could donate his plasma for money.

At Plasma Alliance, Inc., 3939 Leavenworth, donors can earn \$20 for their first donation, \$15 for the next three visits, \$20 the first time and \$10 each time after that.

The Hyland Plasma Center, 2002 Burt St., pays \$20 for the first visit, with a student identification card and a coupon from The Gateway. The second visit of the week pays \$14, with an appointment. Thereafter, a donor can make \$24 a week by donating twice during the week.

U.S. Food and Drug Administration regulations specify no more than 1,000 milliliters (about a quart) of whole blood can be taken from a donor during a plasmapheresis procedure, which is done in two segments; and the procedure may not be done more than twice a week.

Plasmapheresis is a process by which blood is taken from donors and the plasma, or liquid portion, removed. The red cells are then returned to the donor in an injected saline solution.

Potential donors are screened every time they want to give plasma, according to Judy Brown, assistant manager at the Hyland Center. A physical is conducted by a physician during the first visit to the center. Every visit following, a hematocrit (to detect anemia), blood pressure, temperature, and pulse are taken. The donors are asked questions to determine if they have any diseases.

Cyndy Hoffman, manager of Plasma Alliance, says donors must be established residents and, "if we feel someone is not a suitable donor, we will not accept them."

According to Tywana Paul, Consumer Affairs Officer with the Food and Drug Administration in Omaha, the FDA conducts annual inspections of all licensed plasma centers. Both local centers are licensed and have been federally inspected within the last year.

The FDA is responsible for protecting both the donors and recipients of the plasma, according to Paul. This includes screening the donors and providing safe and sanitary personnel and surroundings for the donor. It's also the FDA's responsibility to insure that products shipped in interstate commerce are safe, pure, potent, effective and adequately labeled. The Hyland Center ships its plasma to California. Plasma Alliance would not comment on the destiny of its plasma.

If a plasma center operator does not correct unsuitable conditions found by the FDA, stringent action can be taken, including closing the facility, Paul said.

Brown said the Hyland Center works with the Douglas County Health Department in certain cases, as in trying to locate missing people. The Hyland Center also has worked with health officials in verifying a person as a donor who may be a suspected drug user, Brown said. "Because of the scar tissue on the arms that is an inescapable result of taking blood repeatedly, the scars look like track marks."

Brown says the average age of a donor is from mid-to-late 20's, and that many college students donate at the Hyland Center.

"Many donors are students who are out of spending money, but we get all kinds of people: unemployed, people who are

temporarily out of work, occasionally we get bums. We turn many people away," Brown said.

In an effort to improve the quality of the blood supply in the U.S., the FDA has proposed regulations that would require labeling of blood for transfusions to specify whether it's from a paid or volunteer donor, according to a consumer memo supplied by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Blood from paid donors and commercial blood banks is three to ten times more likely to cause post-transfusion hepatitis than blood from volunteer donors. This is, according to the FDA, because the payment of money sometimes attracts drug addicts, alcoholics, and persons from sectors of society among whom hepatitis is particularly prevalent.

'Fear of fat' may be life-threatening

By MARY APOSTOL

The slim, trim and healthy body has become the societal standard in recent years, it seems. For some people, the fear of being fat or the drive for thinness has become overpowering.

Two potentially fatal eating disorders — anorexia nervosa and bulimia — have endangered the lives of hundreds of thousands young people over the past decade. Both eating disorders were the focus of a July 29 seminar at Bergan Mercy Hospital called "Starving for Attention."

Anorexia is self-imposed starvation resulting in a dramatic weight loss. The victim of this disease is obsessed with the idea of eating food, but because of emotional problems denies hunger and does not eat. While taking in as little as 100-200 calories per day, the victim will engage in excessive exercise to burn off as many calories as possible.

Bulimia is characterized by binge eating followed by purging. Binging involves the rapid, uncontrolled consumption of food. Binges may last from several minutes to several hours. The calories consumed may range from 1,000-55,000 per binge. The most common method of purging is self-induced vomiting. Some bulimics turn to laxatives, diuretics or severe fasting, however.

Sandra Heater, Ph.D., an eating disorders consultant at Phoenix and Tucson, Ariz., and Peg Quinlan, R.D., a clinical dietician at Bergan, gave presentations based on their work with victims of the two diseases. Heater, a former victim of anorexia, contributed her personal experience as well as findings from extensive research she conducted at the NU Medical Center's eating disorders clinic.

A major concern of both Heater and Quinlan was the prevalence of the eating disorders in the United States. Quinlan estimated that one in every 200 teenagers suffers from anorexia and one in every five college-aged women suffers from bulimia.

"The problem is not about food," Heater said. "Food happens to be a prominent, essential focus of the anorexic and bulimic victim, but the core problem has to do with control and self-esteem."

Heater said 95 percent of those who suffer an eating disorder are female. Heater attributed the female predominance to physiological and cultural factors. "Women's bodies are more volatile than men's, they are more susceptible to change," she said. "There's a great deal of cultural stress on women to match certain physical standards."

Heater said the anorexic victim is generally a high achiever of above-average intelligence. The victim is usually compliant and allows others' expectations of her to determine her life.

By controlling food intake and eliminating body weight, she achieves a meaning, purpose and direction in her life, Heater said.

"Anoretics get tremendous satisfaction when they can look on the scale and see a weight loss," Heater said. "It becomes a secret goal — to continue losing more weight, controlling their body, nothing else matters."

Heater told of her five months of critical anorexia, which she suffered at age 27.

"I lost 50 pounds in just five months," she said. "I couldn't eat. I was doing 1,000 situps a day to burn calories. People didn't want to be near me anymore."

Eating disorders are based on the most severe fear — terror. Heater described the experience as a tremendously frightening, scary abyss. An eating disorder is a real sickness, she said.

"You don't know real fear until you start crying uncontrollably because you can't make yourself take a bite out of a peanut butter sandwich."

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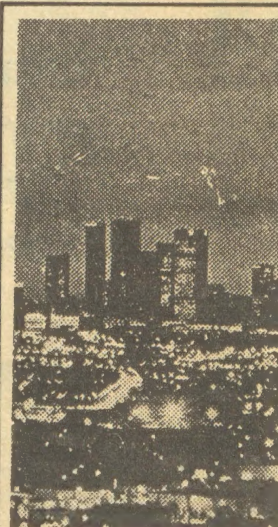
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